

# THE REFERT

VOL. 2.

KEYSER, W. VA., NOVEMBER 21, 1906.

NO. 2

## The Haunted Spinning Wheel.

At the time of my story, I was teaching school in an "out-of-the-way" district where it was still the custom for teachers to board around at the home of the scholars.

That evening as I started home with one of my pupils, Jack Johnson by name, he suddenly asked, "Say, Professor," all the boys call me Professor, "do you believe in ghosts?"

Now, I had always been taught to think ghost stories and all such "nonsense" absolutely untrue, so I answered, "Why, certainly not, Jack. Do you?"

Jack spoke rather energetically for a boy of his backward disposition. I had never before heard him express an opinion in such decided terms. He said, "Well, I do. There has been a ghost in our family for a long time.

"There has, has there?"

"Yes, there has."

"Hump! Comes back to avenge some wrong, does it?"

"No, it's this way Professor: A long time ago when my great-grandmother was living the women themselves made all the clothes, out of linsey.

Of course great-grandmother could spin and weave.

"One day just as she had finished a suit for her husband, he was brought home dead. He had been out hunting and was shot by the Indians. She had spun the yarn and woven the cloth and made the suit. Now she saw him laid out in it. She looked for some time at the corpse, then said, 'I can only make shrouds.' Then she went off in a swoon from which she never recovered. She died that night.

"They buried them both the next day. But, for months afterwards the old lady was heard walking through the house, (that was the old house, its gone now) and murmuring sadly to herself, 'I can only make shrouds.'

"When grandpa moved into the house where we live he insisted on having her old spinning wheel moved, so it was put in the attic.

Since then the wheel has been seen to go around

without anything to start it, while at the same time great-grandmother's light footsteps were heard going backward and forward as if she was spinning.

She always spins a great deal just before the death of some one in our family or some of our near relatives."

"Did you ever hear the ghost spin?"

"Yes, the other night I awoke in the dead of night. I heard a whizzing sound over-head, I sleep near the attic stairs. I never heard a sound exactly like it before. I at once thought of great-grandmother's spinning wheel. I jumped out of bed and went to the foot of the stairs to listen. I could plainly hear the whirring of the wheel and the soft foot-falls of the ghost as she spun. I was too frightened to move, so I stood still and listened to the ghost, and in a very short while I heard the murmur, 'I can only make shrouds.'"

While he was speaking, Jack, I noticed, had become excited. It was plain that he had been greatly upset. He had instinctively lowered his tones and walked faster as if trying to run from the sound of his own voice, and I was obliged to walk very fast to hear what he said.

Seeing the boy had been greatly frightened I said, "Jack, you have been letting this old story affect your nerves too strongly. There are no such things as ghosts and you should not let your imagination go to such extremes."

"But, Professor, I did not imagine it. I heard what I heard and I wasn't dreaming either."

"Well, Jack, I tell you what I'll do. You and I both will sleep in your room tonight, and if you hear any racket up in the attic, call me and I'll go up and see who's playing tricks up there."

Jack assented to this very readily and neither of us spoke again until we reached the Johnson place.

I found the Johnsons all very hospitable and entertaining people. However, I noticed that their hospitality was somewhat restrained by what seemed to be a half-expectant fear, as though all were secretly looking for coming disaster, which I naturally connected with the story Jack had told me that afternoon.

"Professor, are you awake?"



"Yes."

"Did you hear that?"

"Yes, I heard it."

The above conversation took place between Jack and me late that night in pitch darkness. What to Jack was the whirring of the spinning wheel, I attributed to a bat's flying through the garret. I told Jack so and getting up I made a light and dressed. Jack shivered as we again heard that whirring noise, and said, "Listen how lightly she steps. Do you hear her?"

I did hear her as Jack said, but I was too stubborn to admit it.

"I'll catch that bat for you, Jack, then you can sleep in peace," I said as I vaulted up the attic stairs, light in hand.

"Professor, do be careful," called Jack after me.

"Oh, no danger," I answered.

On reaching the top I set the lamp on the floor, then stood like one transfixed. In the center of the room stood the old spinning wheel. I heard that whirring sound again as the old wheel was put in rapid motion by an unseen hand and I distinctly heard the soft footsteps of a lady.

I felt a slight touch on my arm. I looked around. It was Jack. "Professor," he whispered, "let's go down."

"Go down!" I cried, "not till I get to the bottom of this hoax."

"Be careful, it is no hoax," he said, trembling.

"I'm going to stop that thing," I said, advancing toward the wheel which was in lively operation.

As if seized by a sudden impulse I strode rapidly toward it and quickly caught the moving wheel with my hand. It broke into flinders. Whether this was caused by the force of the wheel or by the way in which I stopped it, I cannot say. Anyway, the whole machine was a complete wreck.

Then I was suddenly conscious of hearing a low murmur, "I can only make shrouds", and a scream from Jack at the same moment.

I hastened to the boy, who had fainted. As I lifted him the lamp was blown out and I struggled down the attic stairs in complete darkness.

Quickly laying Jack on the bed, I roused the rest of the family and explained the cause of his faint.

The doctor was hurriedly sent for. Though, for the rest of the night, we tried to rouse the poor boy, the doctor came in the early morning, only to confirm our worst fears.

Jack was dead.

HELEN K. TAYLOR.

All are cordially invited to attend the graduating exercises of two of the young men in Prof. Horn's English class I—Prof. Gurd and Prof. Banty.

## Y. W. C. A.

Our association has become a member of the World's Y. W. C. A. and we are desirous to keep in touch with the work done in other places. Accordingly our association observed the Week of Prayer beginning November eleventh.

While the attendance at these meetings was not large the interest manifested by those in attendance was encouraging. It is hoped that in the near future all the girls of the school may become members of our association and that we may all be mutually helped.

The programme of the week was as follows:

Y. W. C. A. AT 6:45 P. M. EACH EVENING THIS WEEK.

### SUBJECTS.

Sunday—In prayer we come as children to a Father, Nellie Johnson, Leader.

Monday—In Prayer We Bow Down as Worshippers of a Holy God, Helen Babb, Leader.

Tuesday—In Prayer We Present Ourselves as Subjects of a Great King, Bessie Dawson, Leader.

Wednesday—In Prayer We Draw Near as Redeemed Ones to Him Who Has Purchased Us, Katie Dilgard, Leader.

Thursday—In Prayer We "Look" and "Wait" as Servants of a Divine Master, Helen Taylor, Leader.

Friday—In Prayer We Seek Command as Under a Glorious Commander, Emilie Coffroth, Leader.

2 P. M. Saturday—In Prayer We Approach Unto Him Who is the Living Temple, as Priests Ordained to Offer Spiritual Sacrifices, Mrs. Menefee, Leader.

## Exchanges.

The "Bulletin" from the Fairmont Normal, the "Acta" from the Davis and Elkins and the "Blue and White" from the Cumberland H. S. have been received and much pleasure experienced from gleaning the news from them concerning people engaged in the same pursuits as ourselves.

## Football.

Our team is going to Elkins Saturday the 24th to play the Davis and Elkins College of that place.

The D. and E. have a very strong team and a good game is expected. The Preps. are very much crippled by a few who are unable to play, but our boys are sure they can make it interesting for the Elkinites.

Wanted—A washer woman. One of the editors of this paper has a handkerchief she would like washed and ironed.



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## Localisms.

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Dr. Cackley is the Chaplain for this week.

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Miss Harriet Wilson was a visitor to Keyser Saturday.

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Mr. Claude Fertig a former student of the Prep. paid Keyser a visit Saturday.

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Mr. Clyde McDowell was called home suddenly Saturday by the death of a friend.

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Miss Henderson had a friend from Gormanian to visit her over Sunday, October 28.

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We are glad to know Thanksgiving week is near and wish every one a pleasant vacation.

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Mr. Charles Arnold took the teacher's examination Friday and Saturday. We all feel sure he will have splendid success from what we know of his work in school.

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Mr. Clyde Hott, of Lahmansville, a former student of the Prep. came down Saturday to pay us a visit and go to Cumberland with the boys to help win the game.

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Mr. Helffelfinger and Mr. Ward have changed their place of rooming and seem to like the manse the best. We sincerely hope they will settle down, both in place and studies.

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Mr. Abernathy, who severely sprained his ankle at the game with the Cumberland Independents, was able to attend school the following week. He will soon be able to take his place again.

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Mr. Homer A. Hott spent Saturday and Sunday, October 27th and 28th, with Mr. Clyde A. McDowell at his home in Thomas, W. Va. They report a very nice trip in the new coach.

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Mr. Raymond Brosius is now suffering with a severe sprain of the ankle, sustained at the game at Coney Saturday, Nov. 10. He is doing nicely but we fear he can play no more this season.

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We were sorry to hear of Mr. Brosius' accident. He is so enthusiastic about foot-ball and plays his part as no other can that it is hard for him to stop and for the boys to give him up, but we must all have health and he may be doing the best thing.

Wonder how Prof. Horn and the women are fighting it?

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Miss Henderson was on the sick list a couple weeks ago, but is now feeling some better.

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We admire Mr. Heltzel for his courage after receiving such a severe blow in the face. He did not give up until the game was over.

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Miss Inez McNeill was called home by the sudden illness of her oldest brother, but returned in a few days leaving her brother improving. Mr. Overton McNeill, another brother, brought her down and before he returned made the school a visit.

Miss Inez was again called home Tuesday by the serious illness of her brother.

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Mr. Waitman T. Barbe, who is the field agent of the West Virginia University, visited the school Thursday morning and gave a splendid instructive and entertaining talk about "Friends We Make in Schools". And a quotation he wished us to remember is:

"The best fortune that can come to any one in the world is to have a work worth doing and friends worth having."

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One day last week a few girls and boys received invitations that read as follows:

My ma says that I can invite you to my tacky party if I want to. You can come Saturday, Nov. 17-06 at 7:30 o'clock.

BESSIE DAWSON.

Now be sure and don't forget to ask your ma if you can come and wear a tacky suit to suit a tacky partner.

Good bye.

P. S.—Now please don't forget to come.

Of course this was new to most all of them and quite an interest was taken and talked of among all.

On the date before mentioned at eight o'clock all had gathered together and to look upon the costumes of all one would surely say that the name was well represented.

Among the numerous costumes two were good representation of a gypsy and a farmer.

Games of all kind and description were played and one could not have helped to have had a good time. Delightful refreshments were served. For souvenirs of the pleasant evening little "tacky" bags with good but "tacky" candy in them were distributed.

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Prof. Sanders would like to make the announcement that there has been several new editions to Collar & Daniels' Latin book, including the Ward, Henderson and Coffroth edition.



# THE REFERT.

[Entered at the Postoffice in Keyser, W. Va., as Second Class Matter.]

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# ATHLETIC

W. V. P. 10. Cumberland Ind. 6.

On Saturday, October 27th, the Preps played a fast and good game at Keyser against the strong Independent team of Cumberland. The teams were evenly matched in weight and it was the most exciting and fastest game of the season. Every man played his best. Both lines were strong and it was due to the hard work of the Preps that they won the game.

## A. C. H. VS. PREPS.

On Saturday, November 3rd, at Cumberland, was a very interesting and warmly contested game of football. The game was called at 3.30 P. M. In the first half each team seemed to do its best in trying the opponents' line, but at the end of the half the score was small, standing five to five. The A. C. H. S. making the first touch down, but failed on a "try-at-goal" kick, warning the Preps of the final score unless a better effort was put forth. The first touch-down by the Preps was made by Arnold through tackle but lost a score on a punt-out. The second half was warmly contested but the Preps catered to the warning of the first touch-down and made good every opportunity offered for gain. The second touch-down by the Preps was made by Arnold around left end. White made third on a quarter-back run. Again Arnold scored on a center rush and a seventy five yard run. The A. C. H. S. scored only once in the second half.

The line up was as follows:

A. C. H. S.	POSITION	PREPS
Morris.....	Center.....	Thompson
Ghist.....	R. Guard.....	Cunningham
Cole.....	L. Guard.....	Hodges
Herron.....	R. Tackle.....	Ferbee
Maltlick.....	L. Tackle.....	Coffroth
Brooks.....	R. End.....	Boyd
Martin.....	L. End.....	G. Cunningham
Stein.....	Quarter.....	White
Johnson.....	R. H.....	Arnold
Norton.....	L. H.....	Lowry
Mareau.....	F. B.....	Heltzel
Referee—Devries. Subs—Glover, Steorts.		
Umpire—Hott. Time Halves—20 and 20.		
Touch-downs—H. S. 1, Arnold 3. White 1.		
Goals from Touch-downs—White 2.		

I luv the rooster for two things: for the crow that is in him and for the spurs that are on him to back up the crow.—Josh Billings.

Has any one seen my keys?—Prof. Sanders.



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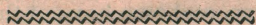
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**T. W. HAUGHT, Keyser, W. Va.**



## At Home on Thanksgiving.

On a bright November evening, through the long stretch of wood between his aunt's and the postoffice, George Benton was walking leisurely, reading a letter just received from his father, meditating upon its contents, re-reading the last page, and again meditating. It was more than two years since the death of George's mother. His father, a traveling salesman, had rented his house and placed his only child, George, in the care of his Aunt Mary. Here he worked on her little farm in summer and went to school in winter. He had come to feel entirely at home in his new surroundings.

A short time before this Mr. Benton had moved into his little home again, bringing with him a new wife from a distant town. The letter explained Thanksgiving plans and urged that George come home for the holiday. George's mind was somewhat perplexed. He was not sure whether he wanted to go, he wondered whether he should feel at home under the new conditions in the old home, and his mind seemed not to find a clear path out of the field of doubt.

Wednesday morning found George saying good-by to his Aunt Mary and starting on the stage for an eighteen-mile drive to his father's, thinking somewhat of the pleasure it will be to return the next Saturday. Late in the afternoon the stage stopped in front of Mr. Benton's house, and George saw his father coming down the path to welcome him and carry his bundle to the house. Then followed a warm welcome by his new mother before the bright open fire in the sitting room. There seemed an unexpected brightness and cheerfulness about the old place, and George felt his doubts melting away as gently as did the soft, white flakes of snow on his overcoat when he stood before the warm fire. The home of old was home once more.

The supper would have been good at any time, but was more than good after the long drive through the cold. Then followed a friendly talk in the sitting room while the last chunk from the big pine backlog burned away. George was questioned about his progress at school, affairs at Aunt Mary's, and the sick folks of the neighborhood. And he took from his pocket and read to his father and mother an essay on Thanksgiving, written the week before as part of his work in grammar. He had written to his father about his essay, and the father had asked him to bring it with him. One paragraph of it we quote:

"The first Thanksgiving in our national history was celebrated by the people of Plymouth colony in 1621, under direction of Governor Bradford, after their first year of life in the new world and after their first harvest. Other colonies, and later states, appointed Thanksgiving holidays. In 1863 President Lincoln appointed a national Thanksgiving. We now have every year, by proclamation of the governors, a national Thanksgiving the last Thursday of November."

If the warm winter fire and the abundant supper were welcome to the tired boy, the night of sound sleep that followed was no less so. The first call next morning was unheeded because unheard. The big kitchen stove, however, kept the dishes warm till George arrived at his place at the table. Brown sausage and gravy, hot buckwheat cakes and cane syrup, boiled eggs and fried mush, almost made George forget the expected pleasure of his return to Aunt Mary's.

It was plain that there had been several days of preparation for Thanksgiving. George was to have a share not only in being happy but in making others happy. Mrs. Benton had prepared a fine, fat turkey for the pastor of their little country church, had picked it, dressed it, and cooked it, and had kept it till this morning that it might cause the greater surprise and be ready to take its place on the table after a brief warming up in the stove. George had the pleasure of carrying the fowl over to the preacher's, half a mile away, and the welcome with which it was received by the minister and his cheerful wife and bright little boys afforded George more pleasure than the eating of Thanksgiving turkey had ever afforded him, fond as he was of turkey. Then Mrs. Benton asked George to carry a basket of good things which she had prepared to a poor, unfortunate family living on a hillside across the fields. This errand resulted in greater pleasure to George than the first. The joy that came to the faces of the weary mother and her children as she unloaded the basket stirred some doubt in George's mind as to whether much of this dinner might not vanish before dinner time arrived. He went back across the fields, feeling, as never before, the joy of ministering to others and the inspiration of a new life. Had his mother done this as a kindness to the poor, or as a kindness to himself?

Promptly at one o'clock Mrs. Benton called her husband, George, and two boys of the community, former playmates of George's, to the dining room and seated them at the dinner table. To mention turkey and cranberries, apple sauce and celery, warm rolls and pumpkin pie, would be to abridge the bill of fare. And to say that all enjoyed the dinner, the reunion, and the renewed friendship, would be putting it mildly indeed.

At the appointed time George went back to his Aunt Mary's, his arms overloaded with good things to eat, his head and heart overflowing with good things to tell his Aunt.

## HALLOWE'EN PARTY

On Hallowe'en a few of the girls and boys of the school gave a party and by permission of our faculty we had it at the school.

At eight o'clock all assembled in the Reynolds Literary Hall.

Games were played and very much enjoyed by all. At ten o'clock the crowd left the Hall for the Library where they were seated at a table in the center of the room and when all electric lights were off they proceeded to devour the contents of the dishes on the table by the light of two candles and a lighted pumpkin head. When all apples, candies, sandwiches and delicious pumpkin pies had disappeared and all enjoyed a cup of hot coffee, the lights turned on and everyone's attention was turned to a tub of water filled with apples for which each dived in turn. It was great fun, but the time passed so swiftly that the hour for departure came all too soon. At the conventional hour of eleven they all left the Prep. feeling fine and reporting a very delightful evening. Those present were: Misses Katie Dilgard, Nellie Johnson, Laura Lauck, Helen Babb, Edna Hampsted, Emlie Cofroth, May Winning and Bessie Dawson. Messers. William Patterson, Lee Lauck, Clyde McDowell, Lonnie Thompson, R. R. Miller, Charles Ritchie, Harry Sheetz, Guy Cunningham, H. A. Hott and Chas. Arnold.



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## Lost by Disobedience.

There was once a girl whose name was Marie, who was very bright and liked very much to attend school.

Marie had finished school in her own town school and was very anxious to attend College or some large University, but her parents did not want her to leave home to attend school as she was so young. They tried to secure a governess for Marie but they could not, and as the child was so bright, her parents knew she ought to be attending school. They at last decided to send her to one of the large Universities, and Marie was very glad and proud of her going away from her little town to attend school.

She started one bright morning and arrived at her school late the same morning. She, looking up the Principal and securing board and a room, could scarcely wait for the next morning to come as she was so anxious to see her new school and the new friends that she would meet.

The night passed very slowly to Marie, and early the next morning she was awake and getting ready for school. One day had passed and she was very much delighted. When the week had passed Marie was more delighted than ever with her work and her new school friends. At the end of a month, she found she was going down in her work. She had been wasting too much of her time with a young gentleman who was attending the same school, who had fallen very much in love with Marie, she also thinking very much of him on such short acquaintance. His attentions grew stronger and stronger toward her, and she soon lost all interest in her lessons, and could think of nothing else but her friend.

Marie was a beautiful girl, with dark eyes and hair and a very pretty complexion, and this young man thought he had never seen any one so beautiful.

He at last proposed to Marie, but she would not give her consent until he had written to her parents and received their consent. This the young gentleman did very bravely, but found upon reply the parents were very much opposed. The two were very much worried so they decided to elope, and when word was sent to their parents they were very angry and would not have any thing to do with either of them and bid her never to come home again.

They lived together almost a year, when they did not agree at all. Marie had lost all her beauty and was living a perfect wreck, with no one to comfort her and no home to go to.

She soon could see what she had lost by disobedience and many times did she wish to be in her own home and live as she had several years previous.

M. M.

## KEYSER.

Keyser is a growing town situated among the beautiful rocky and sterile hills of West Virginia, on the main line of the B. & O. Railroad, 22 miles west of Cumberland, Maryland.

Surrounded as it is by high and lofty hills the air is simply grand and the scenery unequalled: What more could anyone wish?

Nothing—except to die.

At 9:00 the stores are closed, at 9:30 the streets are deserted and the town is dead. In fact if walking through the business thoroughfares of the town at any hour of the day it is not very hard to imagine yourself in a graveyard and the people passing on the street strongly remind you of Hamlet's Father's Ghost; the only difference is that they seem to be doomed to walk the streets at all hours of the day (especially some of the young ladies.) Keyser has also numerous drawing attractions, the most popular of which is Dr. Gaston, the dentist. It has electric lights and pure Limestone water, indeed water is the only beverage obtainable in the town since Local Option went into effect, so if you intend locating in Keyser, bring your "Little Brown Jug," with you and we assure you a hearty welcome. Do not trouble yourself about making your "Grand Entry" into Keyser. You can come into town in the true Western Style riding a mustang and shooting two revolvers or you can come on a side-door sleeper or in a wheel-barrow. It doesn't make any difference as the "Town Sargent" will be driving around town with his wife.

The population in 1890 was over 1500 but now it has vastly increased to the astonishing number of 5,631. That is what I call a man.

The industries are too numerous to mention though just to satisfy the curiosity of some readers I will name a few of the most important. Jack Athey's livery stable, which is managed by the Hon. John T. Athey, who is also secretary and treasurer. Crip Lowry's restaurant opposite Burke's Bowling Alley and the Beanery which almost escaped my recollection, is located adjoining the Round House.

Keyser as you have seen by this manuscript is a fast growing town and I hope it will continue as such in the future.

L. G. L.

Why do women lace so tight  
Throughout this Christian land?  
The reason is, they wish to show  
That squeezing they can stand.

—Nobody is Author.

Haught says he don't know how to scold.  
Some think he is a pretty good amateur.